

II. Grey

Kavafy Songs

C.P. Cavafy (translated by John Mavrogordato, 1951)

Peter Tranchell

Moderato

p

Look-ing at an op-al, a half grey

pp (*Laissez Vibrer*)

(L.V.)

op - al, I re - mem - ber'd two beau-ti - ful grey eyes I had

(L.V.)

(L.V.)

seen, it must have been twen-ty years be - fore. for a

mf

mp

f

month we loved each oth-er, loved each oth-er.

p

Then he went a - way, I think to Smyr-na, to work there;

rit. molto rit. a tempo

we nev-er saw each oth-er a - gain.

rit. molto rit. a tempo

The grey eyes, if he lives, have lost their beau - ty, the beau-ti - ful

mf

face will have been spoiled. O

Me-mo-ry, pre-serve them as they were,

And, Me-mo-ry, all you can of this love of mine, what-ev-er you can,

bring back to me to - night.

pp (L.V.) (L.V.) *Rit.*